

IBAIALDE'S NEWS

N.1 February, 1993

Editor: Nerea Juanarena

50 pts.



From SEPT-92 to FEB-93 by OROZ

In the world



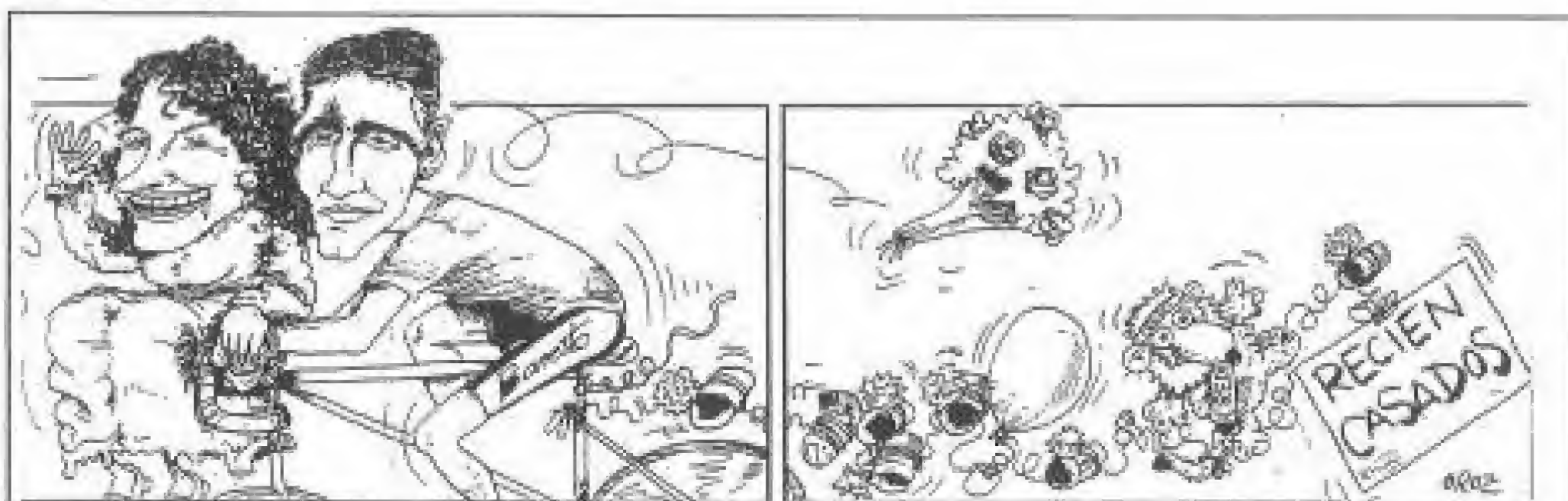
In Navarra



In Burlada



In Villava



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Letter from the editor



Nerea JUANARENA, editor
of IBAIALDE'S NEWS

Dear reader,

I'm Nerea JUANARENA, the EDITOR of "Ibaialde's News". I'm studying second BUP and I was chosen, I don't know why to this job, but I can tell you I like it because it's funny and I have very good partners helping me.

We hope to enjoy and learn besides practicing our English. We also want to inform about the School things. It could be very interesting if you like Journalism.

But you can help too with ideas, cartoons,...or other things you like. The magazine is ours, but yours too. We hope you like it a lot.

See you soon.

Summary

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Oroz's world



EVERYBODY KNOWS THE NAME OF OROZ AS THE AUTHOR OF THE CARTOON THAT APPEARS DAILY IN THE "DIARIO DE NAVARRA". IN THIS INTERVIEW, WE WILL TRY TO KNOW MORE ABOUT HIS JOB AND HIS LIFE.

HE WAS BORN IN PAMPLONA, 24 YEARS AGO. HE STUDIED "EMPRESARIALES" AT THE SCHOOL OF NAVARRERIA.

PROFESSIONAL LIFE: WHEN HE FINISHED BACHILLERATO AT JESUITAS HE STARTED TO COLABORATE WITH "DIARIO DE NAVARRA" WITH SOME FUNNY CARTOONS ABOUT OSASUNA.

WHEN HE FINISHED STUDYING AT THE UNIVERSITY, HE WAS NOT VERY ENTHUSIASTIC WITH THE IDEA OF WORKING IN AN OFFICE OR IN A BANK, AND SO HE SPOKE TO THE DIRECTOR OF "DIARIO DE NAVARRA". THEY HAD THE IDEA OF HIM WORKING THERE AS THE CARTOONIST OF THE "NARROW OF POLITICS". SINCE THEN HE HAS PRODUCED SOME NEW CHARACTERS SUCH AS "STUDENTS FLAT", "THE CRUSADES", ...

QUESTION: Do you realize that most of the people who read "DIARIO DE NAVARRA" the first thing they look at is your cartoon?

ANSWER: That's what a lot of people say to me, and it could be true. On the one hand it's a pride for me, but on the other hand it's a responsibility that can make your pride go down... sometimes. It's a job for the public and they decide.

Q: How long does it take you to make a cartoon?

A: It depends on the day, on how long it takes me to find an idea, but to draw it when I already have it it takes me more or less two hours.

Q: Has anybody ever given you any idea?

A: Yes, but generally I don't pay attention to them. I prefer my own.

Q: Do you have to be very attentive to the news?

A: Totally. I spend most of the time of my work to be informed. Then I decide which is the most interesting news for me and then I draw the cartoon.

Q: How do you feel when you make a cartoon about any sad or bad news, for example the one about Somalia?

Politicians are the best target for OROZ'S sense of humour





Oroz between Vicky and Ana holding the cartoon he designed for our magazine

A: I think that the people understand that they are not just cartoons to laugh at, but a way to call people's attention towards a problem of Navarra, Spain or the world.

Q: Have you got any influence of Gallego, Rey or Morales... or do you follow your own style?

A: I think that all the people have some influence of somebody else, though I follow my style sometimes I get something from them, overall from Gallego and Rey because they are the best for me.

Q: Have you ever been censored?

A: No,...Well, I am my own censor. For example, sometime ago I had the idea of drawing a cartoon in which Spasick appeared in an, as usual, embarrassing situation and I didn't publish it. It's necessary to pu-

blish the cartoon when it's appropriate.

Q: Have you ever received any call from somebody angry because of your work?

A: Yes, just a few days ago a woman who was annoyed called me because of the cartoon in which Aranguren's priest appears in a trash container.

Q: Are you going to publish another book besides "Humor en Rojo"?

A: I'm thinking about it, but it'll be a long time before I have enough published material.

Q: How would you like to be remembered?

A: As somebody who begun to pull Politicians' and important people's legs.

**ANA ESCOBAR AND
VICKY MARTIN**

**DO
YOU
LIKE
CINEMA?**



PIO LOPERENA, 2 bajos
TFNO. 11 75 88 BURLADA

**ABIERTO
DOMINGOS
Y
FESTIVOS
Y ADEMÁS
ALQUILER Y
VENTA DE
JUEGOS
SEGA
Y
NINTENDO**

A great mother!



**Dña. Isabel between
her two sons, Mi-
guel and Pruden**

in.

She said she didn't like interviews and she called her husband. They answered a few of our questions and showed us their house. Finally we took a photograph of us with them.

In the interview the first thing we learnt was that Miguel's mother's name is Isabel Larraya. Her husband's name is Miguel, like his son.

They have two sons and two daughters: Miguel, Pruden, Ascen and Nekane. She told us that she treats them in the same way.

"You could think that this is not strange, but when people hear Indurain they always think in Miguel and that is not fair because Pruden is a very good cyclist too" she complained.

A few days ago, three of us went from IBAIALDE to Indurain's house; we were Deborah BARBARIN, Alberto ALMOGUERA and Ioanna EGUILLOR.

As you know, this man is the best cyclist in the world. But we didn't want to interview him, perhaps it's too easy. We wanted to interview his mother. That was really difficult. His mother, the mother of a winner, the mother of the best cyclist in the world!!!

Before the interview we were very nervous. That was horrible because we didn't know if his mother would like to answer our questions and perhaps she wasn't even at home!!!

We bought for her a small bunch of flowers and went to her home. We had to wait for some minutes 'cause nobody opened the door. Then, she opened it and asked us what we wanted. We explained to her all about our interview and she invited us to get

She also told us that all sorts of people go to her house to see her son's trophies and sometimes even buses!!! She always says "yes". What a lovely woman she is!. We saw that they are really a Navarrese family: they are kind with the

Dña. Isabel and her husband between Ioanna (left) and Deborah. At the background of the photograph we can see some of the many trophies Miguel has won so far.



people, they are a close family, they don't like talking about their lives and, this is an important thing, *the woman rules the house.*

You must wonder why we made an interview to the mother and not to Pruden or Miguel, we'll give an answer with some questions: who was there when the two boys said "*We want a bike*", and when they said "*We want to give up our studies*", or "*We want to race*" or "*We need this and that*", ... of course, their mother.

A woman who has seen her son's trophies, her son's wedding some months ago and we think she is very happy, SORRY, they are very happy.

Ioanna EGUILOR, 2D



Dña. Isabel at the wedding of her son

pasteleria
Guerro
Arte en pasteleria

Obrador:

José Mina, 17- Teléfono 24 21 94

31600 BURLADA

Plaza de la Iglesia, s/n

Teléfono 23 83 66

31600 BURLADA

Javier Eslava, Headmaster



We've asked Javier Eslava to let us make him an interview, and these are some of his answers.

-Studies

I started in the university of my town

-Character

It's difficult to say. People who know me should say, but I think I don't have much initiative.

-If you have a problem...

I go for a walk. I try to have contact with the nature

-Can you be

bought?

No, I could be conditioned, but not bought.

-Worst misfortune

The death

-If you had a lot of money

I would travel to the paradise islands

-So, money is...

It's something important, but I'm not crazy about it.

-Your hero

S. Francisco Javier, because he was a courageous man

-Your heroine

Madam Curie because she was an extraordinary intelligent woman for her time.

-If you went to the doctor and told you you only had one week left...

I don't know, I'd try not to cause any problems to my family

-Painter

Van Gogh

-The thing you most hate

Hypocrisy

-A natural ability you would like to have

Imagination and to be able to speak better than now

-What would you take to a deserted island?

A lot of books and my family

-What do you miss in our society?

The illusion to live

-You'd like to be remembered...

As A person who tried to serve others.

-Animal

Birds in general

-A season you hate

Winter

"A new magazine appears in this Center. Within this atmosphere of crisis in which we live, it's laudable to see the birth of this and other activities which are a sign that in spite of all this youth is able to bring out hopes for something different of the things that this society sells. I hope that Ibaialde's News will encourage the spirit of all those who will read it to make more initiatives like this. For this reason, as Headmaster of Ibaialde, I congratulate you for this initiative that I hope will continue in the future"

Translated by Pedro ECHEGOYEN

-A person you'd cross in history

Hitler. But there would always be a second Hitler

-Are you a modern person?

I believe I am

-Disco music

I like it.

-Tell us a joke

I can't

-To a SIDA sufferer...

I'd try to encourage him/her.

-You value in a person...

How he/she fulfills his/her job

-You are the Headmaster...

I'm just fulfilling a service

Thanks Javier

Ascen MERINO

-Composer

Vivaldi and Tchaikovsky

-Poet

The 27 Generation, and Garcia Lorca in special

-Film

All Japanese films and I can't tell you why.

-Actor

Paul Newman, but I don't go very often to the cinema

English Tea Party and Literary awards

A few days ago, on June 28 we had at the school the first English Tea Party to celebrate the Literary Awards given by the English Department. A few days before the party Irene Alvarez de Eulate and myself, Ainhoa Jimenez, started to prepare it. We had never done anything like this before, and we were very happy with it, but also a bit nervous because we didn't know if we could do it well.

We had to organise the Party, so we had to buy the table cloth, knives, forks, spoon,... and to think what everybody had to bring to the party. To solve the problems was not easy, and two days before it we were still buying things.

Another thing was to organise the invitations for the



One moment of the party: Lidya Nieto, Ioanna Eguillor, Nerea Juanarena, Amaya Minguez, Olga Malumbres and Idoia Azcona.

party and convince everybody to come "elegant". When they heard of the prizes for the winners they changed their minds. That day we arrived at the school at 4.00 p.m. and started to deco-

rate the Teachers' room. When we were beginning we got the help of some girls from 1st BUP (Sara Romero and Esther Lanas), 3rd. BUP (Ascen Merino and Ana Fernandez), and COU

(Natalia Soria).

With their help we finished very quickly. We were "uniformed" in the same way: black skirts or trousers and white blouses or shirts.

Soon the people began to arrive with the cakes, refreshments,... and the Juries of the CAKE COMPETITION (Iñaki



The organisers decorating the room: Ana Fernandez, Irene Alvarez, Ainhoa Jimenez, Ascen Merino, Sonia Romero and Esther Lanas

Irurita, Berta Ventura and

(Continues page 14)

LITERARY AWARDS: I-II BUP, MARIAANGELES SANCHEZ



**Nines when getting her
first prize from the
Headmaster**

A DREAM IN ZERO GRAVITY.

-Last night I went to Erica's house. Erica is my best friend, she is older than me, and so she is more responsible than me. Well I went to her house because I had to give her a physics book that she needed. When I came back home I stumbled with a tree, I didn't see it because I was thinking about a program of life in other planets, I fell to the ground, staying unconscious. Then I was in a wonderful dream. I was in other planet different than mine, it was not the earth. I stood up and started to walk, the streets were like ours, but in this planet

there were neither woods nor trees. The inhabitants of this planet were different from ours. They were very tall, and with three legs, their faces were like ours but their noses were very big. The strange creatures didn't walk like me, they were floating and sometimes they were upside down, it must be zero gravity, the life in zero G isn't easy. Well, nobody looked at me, I think that they couldn't see me. Their favourite hobby was chess, they spent hours and hours playing chess. And suddenly, I heard my mum's voice saying: "Cathy, stand up!, it's eight o'clock"

The End.

LITERARY AWARDS: III BUP-COU, ALFREDO AMATRIAIN

The Reaper

John Elway was dying. He wasn't afraid: he knew his soul was clean as a white sheep. Since the day of 1267 in which he had been born, until that night in which the damn Black Pest was killing him, he had devoted his whole life to the labour of God. He had begun as a simple sacristan, and he worked his way up to a position of power from which he could spread his influence and fight the Devil's servants on Earth. As archbishop of Canterbury, he had used whatever means were needed until there was a Minister of God in most courts in Europe, whispering advices in the ear of every king and influencing in every important decision.

thanks to him, the Holy Church wielded real power; political power, economical power. Thanks to him, who had only been in Rome once, thanks to his plots, the Pope had to be considered a real prince, to be respected and feared by other realms. That was the work of all his life, that would guarantee him a place in heaven, besides the Lord and his Son... but, as he slipped into unconsciousness, he thought he would happily give that place in heaven in exchange for just another year of life and a painless death thereafter.

Very slowly, Jean woke up. He felt surprisingly well: he could breathe normally, without that pain that had tortured him for the last few weeks. When he got up and pushed apart the

canopy of his bed, he saw he was still in his luxurious bedroom, but there was somet-



**Alfredo AMATRIAIN in
the moment he
receives his prize**

hing different. For a moment he didn't know what was it, but then he realized he couldn't hear the laments and whispered conversations of all the priests and physicians and noblemen reunited in the adjacent room to wait for his death like crows waiting for carrion. When he was going to investigate that silence, he felt a cold nocturnal breeze entering from the balcony. And there, in the balcony, was one of the most beautiful women he had seen in his long life. She was tall, dark-haired, and her face under the moonlight seemed a greek bust sculpted in silver.

- Who are you? What are you doing here? - Jean asked.

- No. Who are you? - she said with a smile.

- W...What? - but then he recovered his expression of authority - Tell me how have you entered here or I will call my guards.

- No door is locked for me. And I am here only to make you this question: who are you? Or, better, who were you?

And, in that moment, the fate made Jean look at the mirror that was hung in the corner of the room, and he was astonished because of what the mirror showed. The reflection was that of a very young Jean Elway. The ruin caused by age in his body had disappeared as well as the pain in his lungs. Incredulous, he examined his hands, his face, his hair... it had to be a dream, unless... yes, he was probably dead, and that weird woman... could she be an

angel sent for his soul? Strange, he had always thought angels were blond and bathed in sunlight, not in starlight and cold wind.

- You've been sent here by Him, haven't you? You're here to proof me, to see if I'm worthy of entering the celestial realm, aren't you?

- You haven't answered me - she said, still smiling - Who were you? What did you do in your life?

A strange proof, indeed. But our Lord's ways are often hard to understand.

- I'm just me, Jean Elway.

- No, that's just your name. What did you do with the time you were given? Were you warrior, bard or thief?

- I always was a good Christian - he said, with pride in his voice.

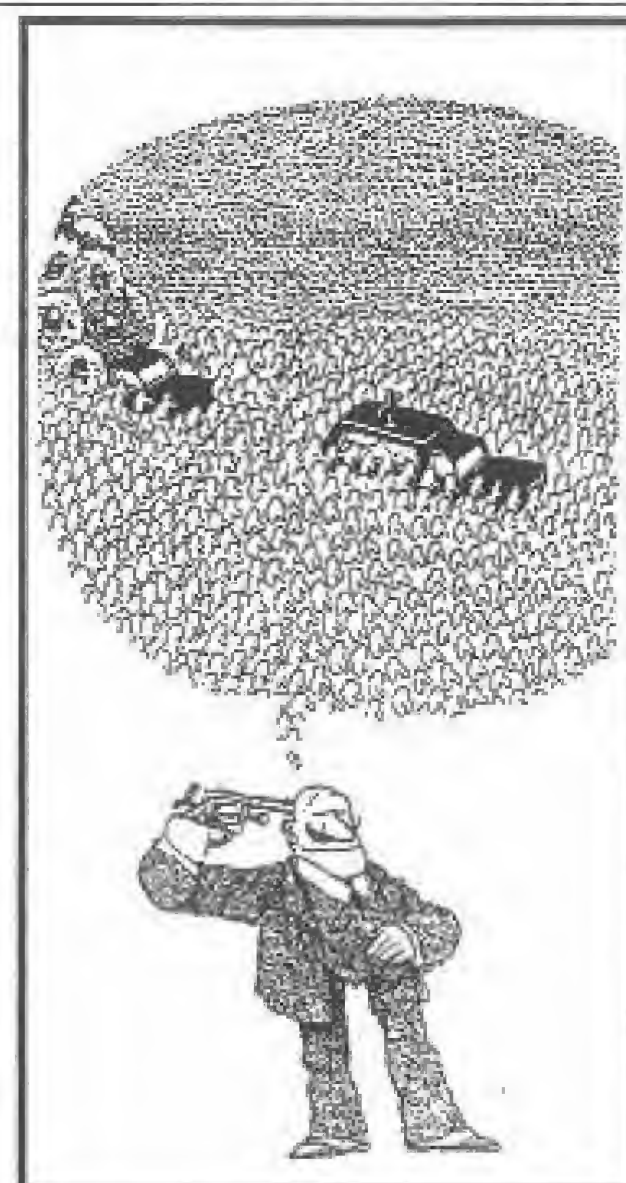
- A good christian. Why? Why do you call yourself a good christian?

- Well - he doubted - first and foremost I always was pure at all times.

- Pure. Interesting. We'll see it.

And she walked towards a door that normally wasn't there. Jean followed her; he didn't have many choices.

When they passed through the door, they were in a place Jean knew. They were in the isolated farm of Auvernia in which he had grown. Jean remembered it should be spring, but it clearly was winter: a cold wind whipped them, and the cold snow bit their flesh. Everything around them was covered in snow and ice; the buildings, the paths, the fields,... and then



he realised they weren't alone. Jean began to shake as he realised they were watching a scene from his past: that cold November day, he and his father had had arguments. He didn't remember why the discussion begun in the first place, but he watched his father and a younger himself to cry one another, more and more angry. He knew what was going to happen next, and he tried to stop them. But they didn't seem to hear or see him, and the firm hand of the woman didn't let him get closer. And then, he impotently watched his younger counterpart take a piece of wood from a pile and strike his father. There laid his father, just as he remembered, with his head covered in blood, without moving. The soft voice of the woman came to him:

- Pure. You say you kept yourself pure, and you're a fratricide.

- It was an accident! I didn't want to... but it happened so many years ago... I hadn't even entered the priesthood. Since then I've repented. Yes, that's another virtue of the good christian.

- Repentment? So you say you repented from that great, deadly sin... turn around and see how much truth is in your words!

So, Jean looked back again, and this time the woman was showing him a scene taken from a few years before. But in this scene he wasn't present. It was a dark street of London, with a mist raising from the river and obscuring everything. A dark form approached, and when it got close enough he could see it was someone he knew very well: Warren Worthington, Archduke of Valais. And when another man jumped from the shadows with a dagger in his hand and attacked Lord Worthington, he also recognised that man's face: he himself had paid him a bag of gold, so the assassin would put an end to Lord Worthington's life. Lord Worthington was very dangerous, he had a great influence, and he clearly opposed the raising power of the church in England. He was charismatic enough to unite all the discontents noblemen against the archbishop, so he had to die. Jean had hired the best assassin to kill him, and thanks to the woman he could see how effective he had been. The assassin barely needed two strikes to leave Lord Worthington lying on the floor, bleeding and dying.

Both angry and afraid, Jean turned to face the woman, who still had that enigmatic smile on her face.

- What are you trying to tell me?

The woman remained silent.

- Do you think I've fallen again in murder, one of the worst sins?

- You accuse yourself.

- But the hand that killed him wasn't mine! More important, his death was a must. I did it for the greater glory of God!

- So, you ordered his murder for the greater glory of God. And



just the same way, you ordered the murder of everyone who opposed you. "For the greater glory of God".

- But... but, anyway, I've always been a good christian. After all, I always showed the most important virtue of a good christian: Brotherly love for everybody.

But they were just empty words, and Jean fully understood it with the next scene the woman showed him. Jean was shown his own cathedral and

himself at the altar. The cathedral was full with noblemen joined together to listen to his words. Silk clothes, jewelled cloaks, furred hoods could be seen everywhere. But then he was shown the outsides of the cathedral: there were hundreds of cripples, beggars and poor people there, begging for a little of food, dying from a thousand illnesses, being kept at a distance from the praying noblemen by the soldiers' spears.

- Stop! - he cried- Why, are you showing me all these scenes?

- Just to show you what a "good christian" you are.

Jean was afraid, more than he had ever been in his life. The woman was showing him his life, saying that he had been an evil person. But he had always served God; he would be merciful with him. So...

- You're no envoy from Heaven, are you?

- I never said I was.

- Then, who are you?

And the woman remained silent. So he asked for a second time:

- I ask you again, who are you?

- I am the Reaper -she said- I am the one who reaps the souls of men.

But Jean wasn't satisfied; he felt there was something else. And he asked for the third and last time:

- But, who are you?

And she, with an even wider smile, answered:

- I am the Final Judge. I am the one who takes the lives of men when they are over and weighs them. I will judge every man,

and reward the good actions and punish the evil ones. You've been found guilty... of many sins and evil deeds... and you'll be adequately punished.

And Jean began to cry when he realised she was no woman at all. And when It pulled him, leading him to a door from which a sulphur steam suddenly got out, he begged:

- It's not fair... I've always been a faithful servant of God...

- I don't know if your God exists. If He does, maybe one day I will respond before Him... or maybe He will be judged by me.

And when Jean crossed the door and saw the hellfires, he cried he knew he was forever damned.

TALIESIN



The organisers: Sara Romero, Irene Alvarez de Eulate, Ainhoa Jimenez and Esther Lanas
(The English Department wishes to thank these girls for their help, without which the **ENGLISH TEA PARTY** would have been completely impossible)

Cake competition

During the party we had another competition. It was the Cake competition. Everybody coming to the party was invited to prepare a cake -although the organisers preferred if it was the mothers who baked them- and to come with them to the party.

Berta Ventura, Eva Beltran and Iñaki Irurita when telling Pilar Ariño their final "verdict"



Once they were here the judges -Berta Ventura, Eva Beltran and Iñaki Irurita- had to try them and decide which one was the best. We know it was not easy and it meant a lot of hard work -to eat dozens of pieces of cakes!-, but they fulfilled it extraordinary well, although some times, to be sure of their decisions they had to eat more than one piece from the same cake. We have been said that the three juries were seen "footing" at night to try to get rid of some kilograms they had put on.

Thanks everybody

J.B.

English...(II)

Eva Beltran) received them. They had to decide which cake was the best, and after a long time, they decided it was Maria Garate's, who got the diploma and two red roses from Iñaki.

Then, the girls who had organised everything had to say the names of the boy and girl who were the most elegant. We asked a lot of people for their opinions, and finally we decided they were Maria Gonzalez (COU) and Iñigo Magdaleno (COU)

Then Javier Eslava named the winners of the Literary Competition:

A)I-II BUP

Maria Angeles Sanchez

B)III-COU:

- Alfredo Amatriain

-Sergio Maisterra

-Eva Juez

-Enrique Iriarte (accesit)

Iñigo Magdaleno and Maria Gonzalez, most elegant people



A moment of the party: Nines, Berta Ventura, Maria Garate and Ascen Merino

We were happy with their prizes, and then we continued the party, till it finished at 6.15. Then we cleaned everything very quickly and left commenting it, happy and wishing to have another soon.

We liked it, mostly because it gave us an opportunity to be together students from different classes. We could be together students and teachers in a different environment from the usual one we always have inside the classrooms. I think that was the best of the party and we would like to have soon another chance to have something similar.

**Ainhoa JIMENEZ and
Natalia SORIA**

People of Ibaialde

Jan. 6: With the
three Kings

Can you recognize her?
Can you identify the teacher
who is hidden under this white
"pasamontañas"? I bet you
can't!

Although it may seem
incredible, it's Pilar Arñó. I
know it's surprising, mostly if
you consider that this photo-
graph was taken in the year...
well, it's a secret between Pilar
and myself -you must unders-
tand me, she is my teacher-.

Who could imagine that
this young and innocent girl
would have to face the respon-
sability of deciding if a student



can or can't pass.

I've been said that that
year she got from Melchor,
among other presents, a BBC

method to study English and
that's why she became an En-
glish teacher.

Pedro ECHEGOYEN

Do you like paper hats?



Everybody knows who the oldest teacher
at this school is, of course, it's Iñaki Ustarroz.
He, Francisca and Carmen Almazan have sha-
red ten years of their lives with all the students
who have studied here. Besides he is perfectly
well known, some people say because of his
personality... and others because of his "huma-
nity", I mean... well, I think you understand
what I mean.

He likes drawing, sculpturing,... He has
organised some exhibitions by now.

He also likes singing in Euskera, a lan-
guage he is studying now, and according to some
informers, he loves enjoying a good meal in the
company of some friends: why don't you ask him
for his opinion about "habas con rabo"? The ans-
wer will be pretty clear: "hummm..., delicious!".

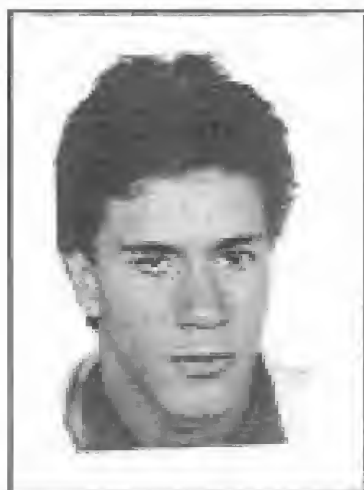
Another activity he likes practicing, and
teaching is photography. You can find him many
afternoons at the school teaching it to students of
all levels of the school.

P.E.

SURVEY: TEACHERS AND ALCOHOL

IBAIALDE'S NEWS has made a survey among students in COU to know what their points of view are about different things such as TEACHERS and ALCOHOL.

TEACHERS



Fermin CILVETI, 17
COU B

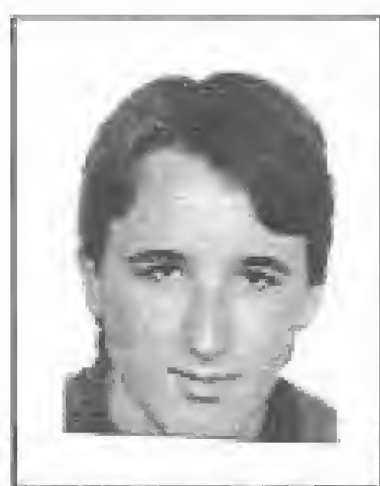
"These persons are very important in our lives, that's very true, and many days we say bad things about them, but we all know that we'll be good or bad persons according to their work. It only depends on them and on us"



Natalia SORIA, 17
COU C

"We teenagers normally have a lot of problems and teachers often don't do anything to understand them. There is rarely a teacher who listens to student's problems"

ALCOHOLISM



Alfredo AMATRIAIN, 17
COU B

"In this life the fares are fixed from here to success and the price is our ideals, so... instead of being another one more in a multitude of investigators or economists looking for success, we could be a teacher, perhaps a great one"



Juan Miguel MAGDALENO, 19
COU B

"Alcohol is necessary if you go to a party, because you need it to be a bit crazy, because if you are not crazy, you won't have a very good time"

Peluqueria

**Maria J.
Izura**



**Precio
especial
estudiantes
(lunes,
martes y
miercoles)**

*Le atenderé-
mos en
Faustino
Garralda, 4
Tel. 24 86 73
Reserve hora*



Igor GOROSKIETA, 17
COU B

"Some people think the best form to have a good time is to get drunk and they are mistaken because there are a lot of forms to have a good time, though I haven't a solution, I think the solution could be to be hard with those who don't act according to the rules.



Jose LUIS BERMEJO
COU B

"Possibly all of us know what we do, so I think it's not a problem of governments that thyouth, every weekend drink a lot. If a person, young or old wants to get drunk it's only his business, and if he wants to do it, what's the matter?"



Hector BARBARIN, 18
COU B

"I think that, like all things in this life, alcohol is not bad in itself, it is bad when you drink too much. If you drink with moderation alcoholic drinks, you can enjoy them and they will not hurt you."

By Blood

Enlace

moda

La tienda de ropa para hombre y mujer
en sus tiendas de Burlada
en

C/Faustino Garralda, 5 Tel. 24 78 88
C/ Hilarion Eslava, 10

Get enchained to the music

The music is very important for a lot of people. Every person identifies with a kind of music. Since we are a child, we have our idols who reflect our personality and tastes.

The music isn't only art to listen to. In times of crisis, fights and censorship, the music has been a sign of freedom and rebellion. In addition to this, with the songs we can say what we think. In every epoch the music has been used as a means of communication to make people's conscience aware of social problems.

Now, the music isn't only melody. It can create very different feelings. Among adolescents the music is the best way to liberate our stress and to have a good time. Who hasn't got one song which makes him/her cry and another which makes him/her smile?

Praying for time

These are the days of the open hand/They
will not be the last.
Look around now, These are the days of the
beggars and the chooser/
This is the year of the hungry man/Whose
place is the past.

Hand in hand with ignorance and legi-
timate excuses/The rich declare them-
selves poor and most of us are not sure
/if we have too much /but we'll take
our chance
'cause god's stopped keeping score /I
guess somewhere along the way /He
must have let us all out to play /turned
his back and all gods children /crept
out the back door /it's hard to love,
there's so much to hate /hanging on to
hope /when there is no hope to speak
of /and the wounded skies above say /
it's much too much too late /well
maybe we should all be praying for
time /these are the days of the empty
hand /Oh..., you hold on to what you
can /and charity is a coat you wear
twice a year /this is the year of the
guilty man /your television takes a
stand /and you find that what was over
there is over here /so you scream from
behind your door /say what's mine is
mine and not yours /I may have too
much but I'll take my chance / 'cause
god's stopped keeping score /and cling
to the things they sold you /did you
cover your eyes when they told you/
that he can't come back
because he has no children to come
back for /it's hard to love, there's so
much to hate /hanging on to hope
when there is no hope to speak of /and
the wounded skies above say it's
much too late /so maybe we should all
be praying for time

by **George MICHAEL**

Ana KASTRILLO/Ainhua ARISTREGUI

INGLES



SHANNON

- MATRICULA ABIERTA
- GRUPOS MUY REDUCIDOS
- PROFESORADO NATIVO
- INTENSIVOS VERANO
- UN MES EN NUESTRO CENTRO DE IRLANDA



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Gossip!!

In this section we want to tell you about some gossip connected with the life of the school.

-Did you know that...?

- That Iñaki Ustarroz, Francisca and Carmen Almazan are the oldest teachers at this school.

-That Bixente Serrano and Sagrario Ruiz were the most voted teachers for the "Consejo Escolar" with 24 votes.

- And Javier Baile the least with 2.

- That 5 teachers live in Burlada, 4 in Villava and 29 in Pamplona.

- That 27 teachers are married and 19 single.

- That Belén Flamarique is the youngest female teacher in the school.

- And Gerardo Prego the youngest male teacher.

- That 9 teachers are between 20 and 30.

- And just 2 between 50 and ...

- That Gregorio Martes is the teacher who has... more "humanity"

- That there are 7 teachers who haven't "got much hair".

The Lone Rider

Who said what?

Here we'll try to reproduce some sentences, words... said by our teachers within the classes.

(During the class of History, when talking about the German tribes)

- I would like to be a man like these: tall, strong and without working. (Pilar Pascualena)

- What does CCCP mean? I'm going to give you a clue, it's not Cu-currucu-cu, paloma... (Oscar Gil)

- This is not normal, this is not normal..., but do you think this is normal? (Garayoa)

- How bad you are..., how bad you are..., How is it possible you can't do it?, how bad you are..., (José Donazar)

(To a student in class)

-Do you want to tell me what kind of sentence it is?

-NO, I DON'T

(Happened to Puy in class)

-Silence, please. Then, the King, eh? married his cousin, eh? and after that, eh? they had a son, eh? and the, eh, the son grew up, eh?... Did you understand, eh? (Almudena Navarrete)

- Women have to fight for a real equality of rights between sex, not for "stupidities"... and, nevertheless, what on earth happens!, we are different! (Luis Carlos Rueda)

- Relaaaaaaaaaax! (Javier Baile)

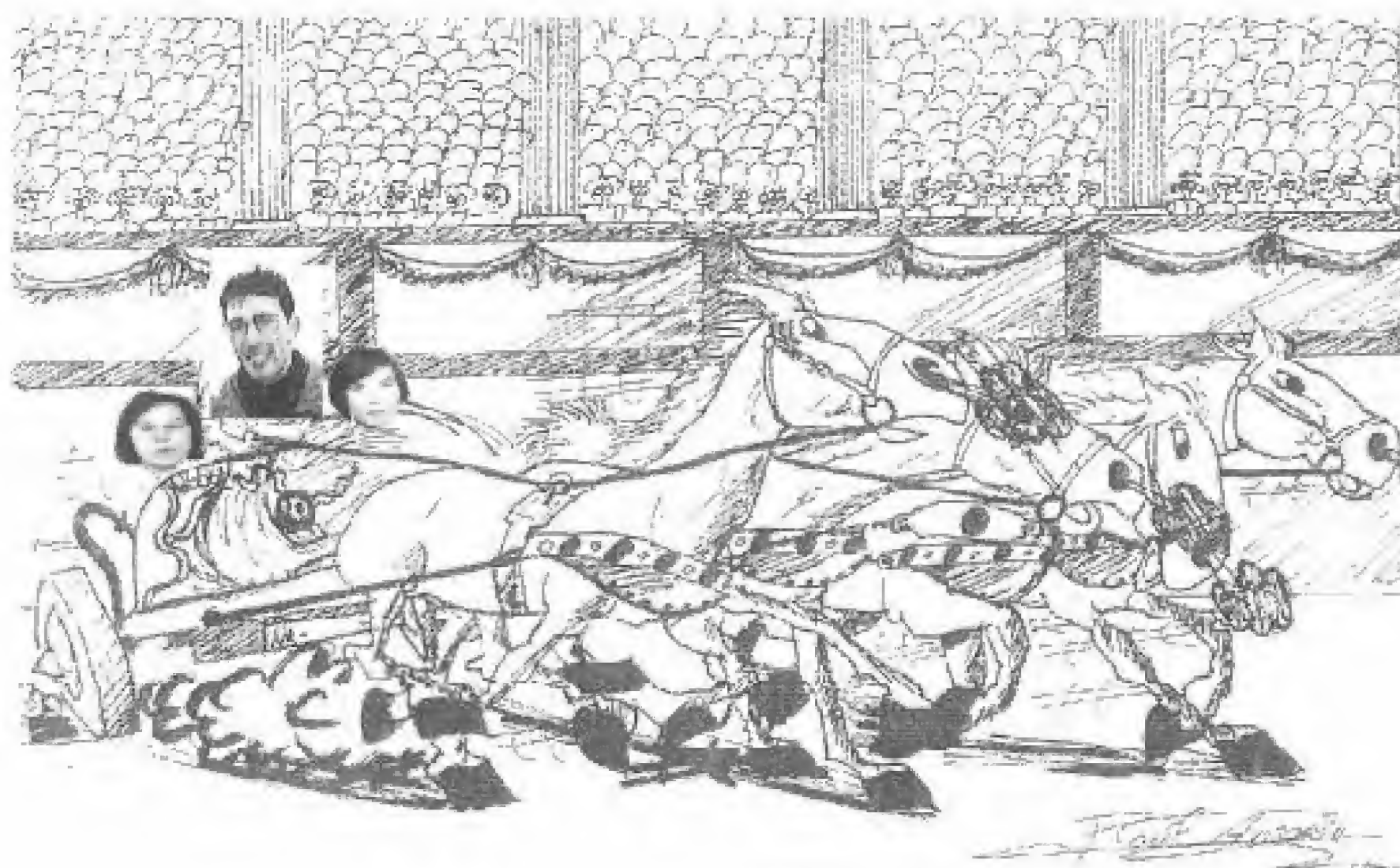
- Well, obviously, naturally, undoubtedly, really,... -ly (Sevita Ordobas)

Fuentecovejuna

IBAIALDE'S NEWS

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